THE DEMOCRAT

WELCH BROTHERS, Publishers.

GREAT BEND, - - - - KANSAS.

THE LAND OF MAKE-BELIEVE.

I knew of a dear, delightful land,
  Which is not so far away,
That we may not sail to its sunlit strand
  No matter how short the day:
Ah, there the skies are always blue,
  And hearts forget to grieve,
For there's never a dream but must come true
  In the Land of Make-Believe.

There every laddie becomes a knight,
  And a fairy queen each lass:
And lips learn laughter, and eyes grow bright
  As the dewdrops in the grass:
For there's nothing beautiful, brave and bold
  That one may not achieve,
If he once sets foot on the sand of gold
  Of the Land of Make-Believe!

So spread the sails, and away we go
  Light-winged through the fairy straits:
For the west winds steadily, swiftly blow,
  And the wonderful harbor waits.
On our prow the foam-flecks glance and gleam,
  While we sail from morn till eve,
All bound for the shores of the children's dream
  Of the Land of Make-Believe!

—Guy Wetmore Carryl, in St. Nicholas.

LOSING OF MRS. PETTIT.

BY EDITH KEELEY STOKELY.

NATURE, in designing old Mr. Pettit's face, had not endowed it with a single artful furrow or wrinkle wherein a secret might hide. It was a beautiful old face, too, with a fringe of white whiskers all around under the chin, wide-open, mild gray eyes and ruddy cheeks. Yet did a harmless deceit lodge there but a moment the eyes laughed and twinkled, and all but called aloud: "Here it is;" and the next instant the secret was dislodged and scurrying off in plain sight of everybody, and nobody more surprised than Mr. Pettit himself.

Consequently, when Mr. Pettit stepped into the kitchen upon a certain June evening, and hung his hat upon the peg behind the door, Mrs. Pettit, suspending the kettle high in air from the operation of pouring boiling water upon the tea, said, in a tone of conviction: "Ephraim, you've got a letter from John."

"Well, now, I want to know!" said Mr. Pettit, throwing an appealing glance around upon an imaginary and admiring audience. "If women don't beat all! I was saving that letter till after supper."

"We can just as well have it with our tea," said Mrs. Pettit, pulling the cosy over the teapot, and leading the way to the supper table. "John must have something particular to say. We had a letter from him this week."

The two snow-crowned heads were bowed for a moment in simple grace, and then, as Mrs. Pettit poured the fragrant Hyson into the old-fashioned china cups, her husband proceeded to open the letter.

Not very much, after all. Two square yellow tickets and one of those short notes that are always portentous:

"CHICAGO, Ill., June 10, 1895.

"Dear Father and Mother: I inclose you two round-trip tickets for Chicago, which I expect you to make use of right away. Our boy is to be christened next week, and the christening can't go on without you. Your loving son. JOHN PETTIT.

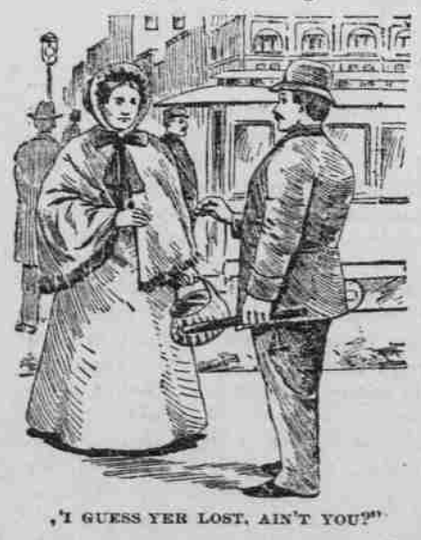
"P. S.—Telegraph me when you start.

"J. P."

Mrs. Pettit dropped her hands into her lap with a look of blank dismay. "Why, Ephraim," she protested, "I can't go."

"John wouldn't like it," said Mr. Pettit, softly, confining his gaze to the careful stirring of his tea. "It's our first grandchild, you know."

Involuntarily Mrs. Pettit's gaze wandered through the open window to a tiny hillock, which, with its marble shaft showing dimly through the twi-



"I GUESS YER LOST, AIN'T YOU?"

light, told its own tale of "Eleanor, aged seven."

"I have never left her," she said, with troubled eyes.

"She would wish it," said Ephraim, gently. "John knows all, and he wishes it. Sixteen years is a long time for grieving, mother. She is a grown woman in Heaven by this time."

Nothing more was said after this. The soft darkness of a June night began to fall. The katydids called from the grasses; a huge June bug beat itself noisily against the window screen; the cow lowed from the meadow without.

At last Mrs. Pettit pushed aside her untasted food and said, with a pitiful tremor in her old voice: "We'll go, Ephraim. It's wicked of me to be staying at home grieving, and neglecting the loved ones that need me. We will write to John's to-night and tell him so."

Thus it came to pass that a few days later a certain train pulling out of Wilson's Ferry carried with it a quaint old couple with whom we have to do. The old gentleman wore his whiskers after a good old country style, and looked over his silver-bowed glasses with the most benignant eyes in the world. As for the old lady, fellow-passengers glanced idly upon her, and then turned to gaze again. Such a sweet old face, seamed with added years and care, but beautiful withal in its frame of clustering gray curls. No one smiled at the old-fashioned bonnet, the long, slender-waisted black dress, or neatly folded shoulder shawl. No one seemed to think of the oddity of the black silk mitts with their short fingers, although they had not been put on before since Eleanor's funeral. Everyone seemed kindly interested in the big brown basket with a cover and two handles. Before the journey ended it had opened wide its hospitable cover to soothe with ginger cakes and tarts the cries of more than half-a-dozen travel-worn babes, and had won the earnest blessing of as many tired mothers.

Six hours of rumble and noise and dust, glimpses of waving green fields and distant towns, a fleeting acquaintance with strange faces and other lives, good-bys 'mid youth and laughter and silent good-bys with tears, and the train steamed slowly into Chicago.

It seemed to be the final destination of all humanity. Such crowds of people, such noise and bustle! But fortunately the trend of humanity seemed in a general direction.

"Maybe you ought to have telegraphed, Jones, as he said to," remarked Mrs. Pettit, in a dubious voice. "He would have been here to meet us."

"I know the way. We've got to take the suburban train," said Mr. Pettit, grasping the big carpetsack with one hand, and parcels, bags and the umbrella with the other. "You just keep close to me, Lucy. That suburban train doesn't wait more than five minutes."

Through the big iron gates and up the wide stairs, everybody meeting and greeting everybody else, boys shouting and cabmen crying their fares, and at last open air. That is, not open air like the broad meadows and sunny garden plots of Wilson's Ferry, but open air much like gazing up from the bottom of a good old-fashioned chimney, so tall were the buildings on either side, so very little of the blue sky visible overhead.

It was all very new and very strange to Mrs. Pettit; yet, notwithstanding her bewilderment, she faithfully followed the guiding carpetsack, hurrying onward in its wake, until they were well out on the streets and she was quite breathless with the brisk walk.

Then, as the carpetsack shifted its position for a moment to the pavement, and its owner turned to mop his brow, Mrs. Pettit saw, to her utter dismay, that, while his hair was gray, and from the back he presented an appearance not unlike that of Ephraim, this man she had been religiously following was, in fact, an utter stranger, and that she herself, Mrs. Pettit, was lost!

Quite unconscious of the mischief he had wrought, the stranger shortly resumed his carpet-bag and his pace together, and joined the great merry-go-round of people; while the old lady, like a bit of flotsam stayed for a moment in its course, clinging helplessly to the brown basket, stood looking about in bewilderment, while people whirled and eddied and divided about her.

"I guess yer lost, ain't you?" said a big, kindly voice at her side.

Mrs. Pettit smiled into the honest face of the man, who wore a blue suit with brass buttons, and a star upon his breast.

"I don't know," she said, a little tremulously, "but perhaps I am; that is, if you don't know where my son, John Pettit, lives."

"Pettit—John Pettit. I don't seem to place him just now," said the policeman, placing his hand upon his chin, in a thoughtful and reassuring manner. "You don't happen to know his street or number?"

"No," said the old lady; "Ephraim always directs his letters, and he has his address on a card in his pocket. But I know they've put a new wing to the house lately, and it's painted brown and has bow windows."

The old lady waited anxiously, while the officer, in the kindness of his heart, appeared to ruminate deeply.

"I don't seem to remember such a place, he said, presently; "but we can find it. If you'll just step down to the station with me—it ain't far—where lost people stay, I'll ring up the Central police."

Mrs. Pettit relinquished the brown basket into Officer Mellen's hands and walked cheerfully along by his side. "I hope your family are all well," she said, politely.

"Well, tol'rable, thank'ee," said the officer, with rather a new sensation. "The baby worries some o' nights. She's only two months old, you know, and colicky like."

"Well, now, I'm so glad I brought it," said Mrs. Pettit, reaching for the basket. "Such a big bunch of catnip, too, just in the bloom; twice as much as John's baby will need. It's a sure relief for colic. And here's some young verbena plants I dug this morning with plenty of earth around them. Maybe your wife would like them."

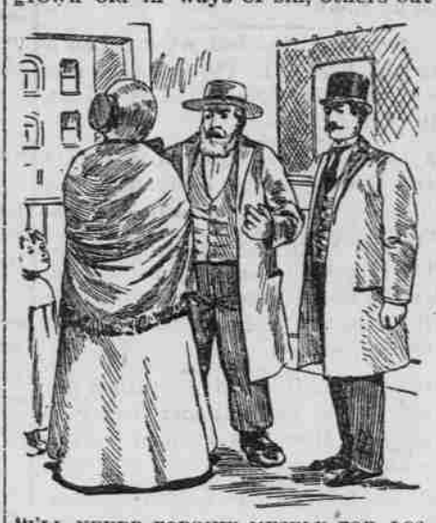
Thereupon a paper bag and a pasteboard box changed hands.

"I thank'ee kindly, ma'am," said the policeman, touching his cap. "The catnip we get at the drugstore ain't much better than dust, and my wife ain't owned a flower since she's been married." In his secret mind he was wondering where he could get enough dirt to fill a flower pot to plant them in.

The detention station was a large, high-ceiled room, with rows of long, hard benches along its walls, a little window behind which sat a man at a desk, and numberless policemen passing in and out, some accompanied, some alone. The man at the desk gave to each newcomer brought in a check bearing a number, and made a corresponding entry in a large book. Mrs Pettit found herself suddenly 58.

"You'll be called for," said Officer Mellen, touching his hat; "and it's much obliged I am for your kindness, ma'am." To himself he added, as he turned away: "It's a shame for the likes of her to be put in this place."

There were dozens of people seated on the benches—men, women and children—some with heads bowed in dejection, misery, sickness or despair, others upright and defiant, many grown old in ways of sin, others but



"I'LL NEVER FORGIVE MYSELF FOR LOSING YOU."

beginning to taste of temptation. Into this company Mrs. Pettit walked, with her dear old face and guileless eyes.

"Such a lot of people lost!" she thought, in wonder. "It's a mercy if they all find their friends before night."

She touched a man upon the arm who sat huddled up beside her. "Are you sick?" she inquired, anxiously.

The man raised a reddened, bloated face, and gazed unsteadily at her. "Yes," he said, huskily, "sick of life."

A mist gathered in the old lady's eyes. "I was once so, too," she said, sympathetically, "when my Eleanor was taken; but with the Lord's help I'm living it down. Maybe somebody's dead belonging to you."

"I'm dead to them," said the man bitterly, sinking into his old position.

Mrs. Pettit was mystified; but this was plainly a trouble that catnip could not reach—a trouble of the heart.

"I'm sorry for you," she said, quaveringly, laying her quaintly gloved hand upon his arm; "but whatever your trouble is, with the Lord's help you can live it down."

"102," said an officer, touching the man on the shoulder.

The man rose to follow, hesitated, then held out a trembling hand. "With the Lord's help, when I get out of this I'll try to live it down," he said, huskily. He looked at the withered hand within his own a moment with twitching lips, then gently laid it down and left the room.

Down the rows of poor humanity moved Mrs. Pettit. Ginger cookies caused baby eyes to shine, and kindly words dropped like rain upon arid hearts. The brown basket brought forth bunches of fragrant June pinks, clusters of elder blossoms and packages of marigold seeds. A bottle of homemade cordial and a dozen fresh eggs were put into the hands of a young woman with hectic cheeks and a hollow cough, who held a wayward brother's hand anxiously in her own. "There won't be much left for John's wife," thought Mrs. Pettit, regretfully; "but dear knows these poor creatures need it."

Two hours later the door swung violently in, and an excited group entered. An old gentleman with a fringe of white whiskers under his chin, a tall young gentleman looking very red and excited, and two officers. A moment's conversation at the desk, and 58 was called.

But "58," close in conversation with two little vagrants, the baby girl in her lap and the boy at her side, with traces of tears still upon her old cheeks, had forgotten that she had ever been given a number

"You will never be hungry again," she was saying, solemnly, "never beaten, never forsaken. You shall go home with me, and Tony shall own the dog, while the white kitten that will drink nothing but cream shall belong to the baby sister."

"Mother!" said a voice at her side—a voice in which there were both joy and tears, and in a moment a pair of strong arms had her in their embrace.

"Lucy," said another voice, which sounded like Ephraim's muffled with a leather lobster, "I'll never forgive myself for losing you—never."

"Why, John," said Mrs. Pettit, "and Ephraim, too! I'm glad you've come. There is so much trouble in the world, and here I've been sitting to home shutting my ears to it. Ephraim, I know you won't care. You never opposed me in anything in my life. I'm going to take these children home with me and keep them. There's nobody in the wide world to look after or do for them."

"But, mother, such a charge at your age"—began her son.

"John," said Mrs. Pettit, with the solemnity of conviction, "it's the Lord's call. They're sweet, handsome little things, and such a life as they've led! Ephraim, you don't object? We will call the baby Eleanor, in memory of our own."

For answer Mr. Pettit stooped and lifted the baby girl in his arms.

"I guess we've got money enough to hire a nurse if they are a charge," he said, triumphantly. "John, you're a lawyer; you can fix up the papers as soon as you like."

And so the losing of Mrs. Pettit, like the wandering of a clear brook over parched meadows, leaving fresh and grateful all behind, carried also on its bosom to a harbor of safety two tender human souls.

TACT AND COURTESY.

Qualities Possessed by Distinguished Frenchmen.

Lafayette was remarkable no less for his tact and courtesy than for the sterner virtues which made him dear to two nations.

During his visit to Boston on his return to this country, a lady with whom he was dining brought up the subject of the revolution, asking him many questions as to the details of its history.

Among them was the inquiry: "Was not the cockade worn at first by the Americans black, general?"

"Yes," was the reply. "We wore a black cockade until the French joined us, and then, in compliment to them, we added the white ribbon."

Lafayette belonged to a time and a race that held the fine art of gentle speech as of the first importance. A lady of his own family who was attached to the French court was distinguished for her courtesy where all were courteous. She was so affectionate to both her mother and mother-in-law that, one day when both were present, the king playfully insisted that she should decide which she loved better.

"If both were drowning, madam," he demanded, "and you could save but one, which would it be?"

"Ah, sire," she replied, quickly, "I would save my mother-in-law and drown with my mother!"

Louis himself puzzled his jailers by his gentle politeness. His children, we are told, enraged their keepers by their mild answers. "They robbed us of our bread," cried Thouret, "and pay us with smiles and bows!"

The fact was that the ruling class of those days had never been taught to be just to their inferiors, but courtesy had been instilled into them from childhood.

In France as in America, men now are more just than were their forefathers. The rights of even the poorest citizen are now recognized and protected. A more assertive charity, too, is manifested in our religion, but we neglect the minor virtues of tact and fine civility.

The slow, gentle progress of our ancestors, bowing to either side through life, seems to us absurd, but we could add attractiveness to the greater virtues by clothing them with courtesies that grace and elevate even the humblest life.—Youth's Companion.

The Effect of Color on the Mind.

Experiments in the scientific management of colors tell us that there is a great difference in the effect of tints on the mental and physical conditions of humanity. A medium shade of brown is said to be the most restful of all colors. Light shades are not cool, but quite the reverse; and red is not warm, but gives a cooler effect than any other color. Green has been considered restful and refreshing, but has an exceedingly depressing effect upon many temperaments; indeed, it has been thought to produce morbid conditions and melancholia of a severe type. Terra cotta has been a favorite color with artists, because they fancied that it gave a better effect to pictures, but it seems now to be approved because of its agreeable action on the nerves and its general restfulness. Pompeiian red is thought to be one of the most admirable of colors for coolness and its soothing qualities to persons of extreme nervous susceptibilities. "It may be possible," says a writer on this subject, "that the Pompeiians painted their town red from motives more æsthetic and hygienic than we have been able to comprehend." It has long been held by persons of nervous temperaments that reflected lights are the most trying and exasperating of the minor annoyances of life. When we learn to select the right colors, we may remove from our way many causes of mental and nervous irritations.—N. Y. Ledger.

ALEXANDER received more bravery of mind by the pattern of Achilles than by hearing the definition of fortitude.—Sir P. Sidney.

HE is always a slave who lives beyond his means.—Irrigation.